JULY 19, 1964

This Week

MAGAZINE...SPECIAL RECREATION EDITION

THE HOUSTON POST

5 p.m. Friday

5:30 p.m. Friday

8 p.m. to 12 Friday

9 a.m. Saturday

11 a.m. Saturday

3 p.m. Saturday

8:30 p.m. Saturday to 2:30 a.m.

7 a.m. Sunday

11 a.m. Sunday

2 p.m. Sunday

7 p.m. Sunday

2 a.m. Monday

THE AMERICAN WEEKEND

Pitfalls Along The 48-Hour Trail / "What Can I Do Now, Daddy?" . . . some answers to a summertime plea / Myth of Leisure Time / A story by John D. MacDonald

July 19, 1964

This Week

The National Sunday Magazine

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Words To Live By

THE HAPPINESS GAME

Defining happiness is getting to be a national pastime. Cartoonist Charles M. Schulz made a best-seller out of "Happiness Is A Warm Puppy," and numerous other sets of definitions, humorous, philosophical and even profane, have popped up.

Below are some fresh ideas turned in by Mrs. Geneva E. Mendenhall's eighth-grade "Common Learnings" class at Central Junior High in Lawrence, Kan.:

HAPPINESS is being alone with lots of open windows, a comfortable chair, an apple, a good book, a sleeping cat, and a soft radio.

HAPPINESS is nobody really mad at anybody.

HAPPINESS is a barn, a river or a pond. It is mares and colts. It is cowboy boots that fit.

HAPPINESS is no homework. It is no school. It is running around witb no particular place to go.

HAPPINESS is when my dad and I go fishing.

HAPPINESS is playing pool, flying in a plane, going to Kansas City, and not writing a paragraph on happiness.

HAPPINESS is a feeling that everybody likes you.

HAPPINESS is feeling proud of your work.

HAPPINESS is just being young.

HAPPINESS is your dad letting you drive the car.

HAPPINESS is being with a certain person.

HAPPINESS is being so busy tbat I don't have time to tbink of being unhappy.

He's taking a "friendship break" –taking a moment to think of someone else.

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OUR WEEKEND PITFALLS

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON • *The American drive for fun on weekends often creates more problems than it solves*

On Nov. 24, 1963, THIS WEEK *published a detailed survey of America's leisure habits on the most popular day of the week — Sunday. That survey, conducted by Elmo Roper, found that many people looked forward to Sunday because of the religious mood of the day. Today, we explore other, and sometimes contradictory, aspects of the American weekend. The following article by Samuel Grafton and the other articles in this issue delve into our secular conduct on the weekend. In future issues we will return to the theme of the American weekend, in all of its fascinating aspects.* — THE EDITORS

"Thank God it's Friday" seems to be becoming the national slogan, heard in every American city and town.

Take any big city: A number of downtown bars begin to crowd up, every Friday afternoon, with people holding what they call "TGIF" parties, the initials standing for the first four words above. These parties go on deep into the night, and most of those present are young married men, in their thirties, and single office girls.

After being launched in the bars, the weekend hits the roads. Forty per cent of the nation's highway deaths occur on Saturday and Sunday, as the people go, go and go. In New Hampshire, where liquor is cheaper, residents of Massachusetts line up on Fridays and Saturdays in long queues to buy bottled goods; there is no waiting the rest of the week.

Sometimes it's what you don't see that shows how much weekend activity is going on. Suburban streets are often empty of people on Sunday afternoons. "You'd expect to find residents chatting over back fences, kids playing," says an observer in the typical suburb of Cleveland Heights. "It isn't so. There's no one around. Everybody is thirty miles away at a swim club, or a hundred miles away at a camp site, pushing hard for fun."

With today's freeways, a round trip of 200 miles or more is considered routine for weekends. The "go-away weekend" is a firmly established custom. One reason for it, say observers, is our feeling that we are depriving our children of the good things of life if we merely stay home. So off we go, to swim, lie on distant beaches, or just to wander.

One effect of the go-away weekend is that adults often concentrate their total physical exercise into one or two days each week, instead of spreading it evenly, as doctors recommend. "The thirty-five to fifty-five year age group takes weekending too seriously, and drives itself much too hard," comments a Boston sociologist. How deeply the go-away weekend has changed our customs is shown by the fact that many shopping centers and supermarkets, which used to stay open Saturday nights, now close on that night and remain open weeknights instead.

Even many who do not go away on weekends feel the strange do-do-do pressure. "There are a lot of fallacies about the weekend," says a young Chicago suburbanite, father of two. "You're supposed to rest, but you don't if you have children. They're up at seven, to wake you. Another fallacy is that you're supposed to have two blissful days with your kids on weekends. That's not true, either. I knock myself out, fertilizing the lawn, taking apart the mower, putting up screens or storm windows, cleaning the garage, painting the house inside and out. I can't afford to hire people; also, I drink too much all three nights, instead of resting.

"And here's another fallacy," he added candidly. "Instead of being close and intimate with my wife, I find myself quarreling with her. She accuses me of not listening to her. It's true; I'm tired. When the kids come around complaining because they haven't seen me, I send them away. Or I tramp my feet off in museums with them on Sundays, to make up. And get more tired."

Weekends are more spectacular than they used to be because there are many more persons in income brackets that allow them to live a faster life. So the number of people who celebrate on weekends has increased.

For years sociologists have worried about the use Americans would make of increased leisure in the future. Apparently the problem has hit us like a stick of dynamite while we've been discussing it.

"This is the first time in history," says Dr. Frank A. Cizon, director of research for Loyola University's School of Social Work in Chicago, "that even the lower economic classes have had sufficient time on their hands to reflect. Basically, I think their weekend overactivity shows their lack of pride, their dissatisfaction in the work many of them do during the week. They know if they keep busy they won't have to reflect on what they've done the week before, and they won't have to think about what they're going to do next week."

The weekend binge

Our go-go-go response to leisure disturbs many observers because they see holiday-makers so often turn to the simple solution of drinking. The "weekend alcoholic" is very much with us. At a recent annual meeting of the Boston chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous, several speakers testified that their drinking problems started with weekend imbibing. The simple "Saturday night binge" of long ago has broadened out across a two- or three-night spectrum. "My bar and most others do forty per cent of the whole week's business on Friday and Saturday nights," says a Chicago restaurateur and bar owner. "There are more people here, and they drink more." Chicago's police force, which normally receives 3,500 calls in any weekday 24-hour period, is summoned 5,000 times for help in accidents, crimes, fights, dis-

Questions for Weekenders

The go-go-go weekend has many different causes. For the individual fun-chaser, only a little honest soul-searching can reveal the implications of his activities from Friday afternoon to Monday morning. Do they bring him toward a state of mind and feeling which is genuinely pleasurable, re-creative, and renewing? Or do they simply take him away from something like dissatisfaction in his job or with himself as a person?

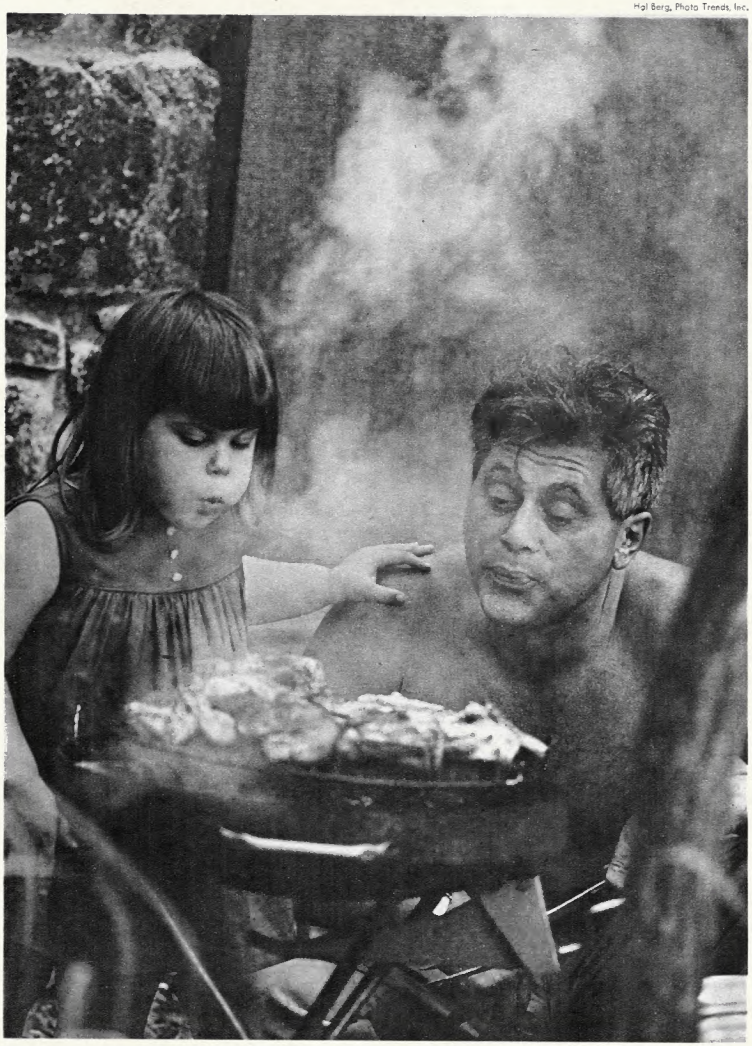
If one can genuinely say yes to the first alternative, then whatever the weekend frenzy (assuming, of course, that the family physician foresees no unhappy consequences), it's likely to be quite all right. If straightforwardness requires attention to the second alternative, then one is dealing with a symptom of trouble and is more likely to find profit in attending to its bases — the doubts about a job, the marriage that has been allowed to drift, the questions about who one is.

When fun becomes an instrument of self-deception, it stops being fun.

— EDWARD JOSEPH SHOBEN, JR., PH.D.
Director of Clinical Training
Department of Psychological Foundations and Services
Teachers College, Columbia University

Hal Berg, Photo Trends, Inc.

See Front Cover



But is it fun? Not if his weekend's an endless marathon of outings, work sessions and parties

turbances, etc., in the similar period beginning early Friday evening, and again in the next 24-hour segment beginning Saturday night.

Why do some people reach for the bottle almost automatically on weekends? Nicholas M. Suntzeff, executive director of the Family Service Agency of Marin County, north of San Francisco, has a disquieting answer: "The weekend alcoholic quite often is unable to tolerate close personal relationships. The whole problem of the alcoholic is often that he hasn't grown up to where he can get along on a mature basis with other people. Being close to people produces strains as well as joys, and that's normal. The heavy weekend drinker can get along during the week, clinging to his job, somehow handling the superficial personal relationships at his place of work. He holds on. But when he has to relate to his wife, to his children, he tries to ease the pressure by turning to the bottle."

Suntzeff feels many people have "weekend personalities." "They wear the office uniform all week, and the jeans and sweat shirt on weekends. It's like being two different people, one that is under control and another that sometimes is not. The change can be beneficial, if one really relaxes from the competitive world on weekends — like, say, a salesman, who gives up his 'front' and is just himself for two days. If one can do that, it's an excellent way to keep and regain mental health. But for some the weekend personality steps out of bounds."

The "weekend personality" quite often steps out of bounds sexually, producing the "weekend indiscretion." Behind some excesses in weekending are aggressive reactions to the normal everyday requirement of masking one's feelings. This weekend release of aggressive feelings can be manifested in sexual promiscuity, among other outlets.

Midweek misbehavior not acceptable

For some strange reason, the "weekend indiscretion" seems a shade more socially acceptable than does midweek misbehavior — perhaps because it takes place in a carnival atmosphere. The girl who would never walk into a bar alone during the week will often join an office group on Friday afternoon, and let herself be picked up under cover of group merrymaking.

Those who are expert in this branch of human activity say, however, that the really "serious," long-lasting, illicit love affair is not a weekend phenomenon — it's the midweek night that is spent with the other woman.

Weekend activity along this line is more likely to be casual, drunken, impromptu behavior; the sudden "discovery" of each other by two people at a party, who are, perhaps, married to two other people. And if the usual intense, go-go-go weekend has set up a strain between husband and wife, one or the other is the more likely to give vent to hurt feelings by accepting the temporary admiration of someone else.

Judge Robert L. Hunter, presiding Judge of the Divorce Division of the Cook County, Ill., Circuit Court, believes failure to relax on weekends frequently leads to divorce. "The ground for divorce most frequently used is cruelty," he points out, "where husband or wife get out of sorts and behave badly against each other. People don't do these things when they're in a normal frame of mind. And people who are tired from big weekends are not in a normal frame of mind."

The wife who waits at home on Friday evening for her husband to arrive so that they can go off on a weekend trip, only to find he isn't at all keen about going, is a not uncommon figure of our time. This can be a real let down for a woman, and the ensuing quarrels can be serious. To a woman who has looked forward to a go-away weekend as a break from her routine the disappointment may make (TO PAGE 12)

2 a.m. Monday

Fiction

A TOUCH OF MISS MINT

To see through a murderous criminal's mask of deceit and cunning takes a detective — or the instinct of an old-maid schoolteacher

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD

Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

When the scheduled sailing of the cruise ship *Margaretta* from Port Everglades, Florida, was delayed a few hours, Miss Isobel Mint, one of the first aboard, posted herself in utmost comfort where she could watch the arrivals. As a cruise veteran she accepted the statistical reality that, among the three hundred and some passengers, there might be one or two capable of civilized conversation.

She had no doubt of her ability to single those few out at twenty paces. Instantaneous character analysis, Miss Mint believed, was a facility acquired only by veteran police officers and by maiden ladies who had spent their productive years operating fashionable schools for young ladies. Only these two professions were privileged to learn the depths of deceit, misdirection and cunning of which the human spirit was capable.

After her retirement, predated by an excellent investment program, Isobel Mint had cruised frequently for ten years, spurred by curiosities which knew no restraint. As a realist she accepted the fact that she looked rather like a very tall, thin, myopic rabbit. But she also sensed that kindred souls, whose minds also had some sting and flexibility, soon forgot to be depressed by her appearance.

As she watched them come aboard, she was able to file most of them into tidy categories, and she began to be mildly alarmed by the dearth of anyone who looked, in her sense of the word, amiable. It was not as serious as it would have been on one of the longer cruises. This was a mere ten days — St. Thomas, Curaçao, Aruba, Jamaica, Nassau and back to Florida.

Then she saw a man who looked quite promising. Twenty years her junior. Middle forties. A rather *good* face, seamed with the right quizzical laugh lines — intelligence and irony and a scholarly introversion. And his clothes were right. But the girl with him put Miss Mint off. She narrowed her rabbit eyes in meticulous inspection. The girl was twenty years younger than the man. Quite a large girl, handsome and vital in an obvious way. She clung to his arm on the way to the gangplank, laughing toward him, showing more than the customary ration of teeth. Gold wedding bands twinkled on the two of them.

Too bad, Miss Mint thought. Found himself a second wife. Bought a bill of goods. That girl is not quite right. Trying to be a lady. Clothes are *almost* right. Walk is *almost* right. Entertainment world? Not quite that.

As they reached the bottom of the gangplank, a curious thing happened. The couple sobered. The girl said a furtive something and looked behind her. The man moved off to the side, awkwardly casual. The girl came aboard. The man lighted a cigarette. Miss Mint leaned over the rail and saw the girl present her ticket. She received a smiling greeting from the purser. A few minutes after she was out of view, the man came aboard. He presented a ticket.

Disconsolate, Miss Mint leaned back. Oh, dear, one of *those* tiresome little charades. Men could be such sacrificial lambs. Cross him out for this voyage. At least he had not committed the lesser sin but far greater disaster of marrying the hussy.

Yet something about it bothered her. The little scene did not seem quite right. It clung to the back of her mind long after she had given up the vain search for a kindred spirit and had reconciled herself to ten days of observation rather than conversation.

At dinner, after they had moved into the chop of the Gulf Stream and the last red of April twilight was almost gone, Miss Mint was assigned to a table for six. Two places remained empty. The other three were occupied by a trio of fresh young schoolteachers from South Carolina, all very sunburned and slightly queasy, and who spent the dinner hour talking about how much dancin' there would be aboard.

The *Margaretta* was a small ship and a one-class ship, and the next morning when they were well through New Providence Channel and headed south, Isobel Mint, in her cotton print and her sneakers and her baseball hat, paced the deck areas and lounges looking vaguely for that rather nice man traveling with that slightly impossible girl.

At lunch the two extra places were filled. To her confusion it was the sizable and vital young woman she had seen with the older man, but now she was with a man her own age. He was, to say the least, unfortunate, Isobel Mint thought. A great brown muscular chap with a Tarzan haircut, wavy over the ears, unpleasant table habits, and a nasty bouquet of black hair erupting out of the top of his sport shirt. The two of them were slightly drunk and displayed no intention of introducing themselves. The three young teachers seemed cowed.

By introducing herself in a loud firm tone, as she had done with the teachers on the previous evening, Miss Mint elicited a startled look, and the fact that they were a Mr. and Mrs. Corto, Marty and Melinda. Mrs. Corto wore the same wide gold band. Mr. Corto had one also. One of the stewards came over and greeted them by name with all that false effusiveness which is related in direct proportion to the tip on some previous cruise. Yet it made the pair glow and look important. Miss Mint noted that Melinda Corto had given up the lady-like pretenses, and seemed much more in her own vulgar element with this young man.

The pair ignored their table companions and talked to each other in what Miss Mint thought to be some sort of contemporary argot, one she associated with musicians or criminals. She was prepared to accept that sort of rudeness, but at one point Marty Corto went too far. He glanced around the table and said something in a perfectly audible voice into Melinda's ear, ". . . got to watch out, honey, the way they got me at a table fulla tasty broads . . ."

There are limits, of course. Isobel Mint placed her fork on her plate with exactly the right emphasis to attract the young man's attention. She

stared across at him with that dreadful smile which had intimidated several generations of the most arrogant young women the Eastern seaboard could produce. "Mr. Corto. Even in my better years, and I can assure you I had those years in full measure, I should not have touched a specimen like you with laboratory forceps. In the future, he so kind as to omit any reference to me from your witticisms."

In a vivid silence Corto went white under his hero tan, then raw beef red when his young lady began to strangle on food and laughter. Miss Mint studied him, and when she saw that he would be no trouble in the future, she nodded, finished her tea and excused herself.

On a shady corner of the forward deck under the bridge, she frowned out across a sparkle of tropic sea and tried to make sense of what she had seen. The older man and Melinda had given the impression of an intimate relationship which was certainly not father-daughter or uncle-niece. At the same time the Corto relationship did not have a marital flavor. What kind of utterly mad triangle could it be?

Of one thing Miss Mint was certain The actions of individuals were consistent with their capacities and, when all facts were known, made a congruent sense. And she had trusted her appraisal of the mysterious Mr. X. A decent chap. The fathers of her best girls had been in that mold.

She wanted the stranger's name. And she wanted to find him. She went to the purser's office. With vast professional patience he told her that there were exactly 311 passengers on board. No, they had no intention of publishing a passenger list this voyage. Too short. No, he was not authorized to let her examine his own list.

So she decided to make up her own. She did not mind being thought an eccentric. She went about with one of her notebooks. As she took down each name and cabin number, she gave that person one quick sharp glance. She had always known each young girl by name after the third day of school. This was far easier. Young girls had a forlorn tendency to look very much alike. Thus she could tell at a glance whether any passenger was as yet unrecorded. She gave no reason for asking. But no one questioned her. An air of absolute authority is seldom challenged.

By evening she had well over two hundred. By eleven the next morning she had reached three hundred. The sea was calm. That helped. The last eleven were difficult. Six of them were three honeymoon couples. She questioned room stewardesses in her fluent, grammatical and badly pronounced Italian, and got the names and room numbers, and eliminated the gentlemen on the basis of age. Four were desperately seasick — three ladies and one very, very elderly gentleman. The final male was in the ship's infirmary, and he turned out to be twelve years old.

At three o'clock she went back to the purser. "Mr. Metucci, I wish to speak to you very seriously."

"But of course, madame."

"I have listed here every passenger apparently aboard. Three hundred and eleven. Here is my list. Names and cabin numbers."

"My God, madame, you have covered them all? But why?"

"I watched the arrivals. I saw a man come aboard. He presented a ticket. Apparently he is not now aboard. I watched until the mooring lines were cast off. I did not notice him leave."

"But . . . a moment of inattention . . . surely you . . ."

"Did anyone with a ticket leave the ship?"

"No, but . . ."

"Do you have 312 passengers?"

"Absolutely no. It has been checked and . . ."

"I saw you checking people aboard. You seemed to have a special greeting for Mrs. Corto."

"Ah yes, of course. They have (TO PAGE 14)

The girl was no longer ladylike, and this was not the man on the gangplank. What kind of mad triangle could it be?

TIME ON

Modern man supposedly has all sorts of spare time. He actually has little to spare, according to the latest research

BY JOHN OXIE FULTON

For years I have been telling my wife that I do not have time to perform the million and one major repairs and minor adjustments our house always seems to need each weekend. Invariably I got the worst of the argument. My wife's parents made the mistake of sending her to college. This has empowered her to hurl volleys of sociological statistics at my graying head, emphasizing the vast expanse of free time which modern technology has placed at our disposal. "I shudder to think of where we'd be if this was 1850 and you had to work 70 hours a week — "

I have never come up with an answer. Once in desperation, I telephoned five friends as a spot survey, and asked them if they felt time hung heavy on their hands. "Have you gone nuts?" was the more or less typical reply. But my wife dismissed this evidence, because my respondents were all husbands.

But now, friends and fellow-American husbands, the answer we have been so desperately seeking has come to us on the tax-free wings of the Twentieth Century Fund. If you wonder why you are constantly glancing at your watch, worrying each weekend about how you can possibly repair the lawn furniture, dismantle that dripping kitchen faucet, do that work you brought home from the office, and see the Jacksons for bridge — stop lashing yourself like a medieval penitent. That stuff about modern man with his oceans of free time is a myth.

The Twentieth Century Fund financed Professor Sebastian de Grazia, a noted political scientist and philosopher, to make a three-year depth study of American leisure. The result, a 559-page tome entitled "Of Time, Work and Leisure," illuminates every conceivable aspect of this vital subject. By far the most startling of the Professor's many conclusions is his assault on the legend of our lavish leisure.

No sweat in Rome

In the first place, Mr. de Grazia points out that we are comparing ourselves with our more recent ancestors of 1850, who toiled 70 hours per week over their primitive looms and forges. But this was the dark dawn of industrial society. Other workers in other eras did not sweat nearly as much. In the Middle Ages, for instance, holydays, holidays and Sundays totaled 167 a year. Even if we take the longest possible working day — 12 hours — we still come out with an average work week of 45.6 hours. In Imperial Rome people had about one day off for every two they worked. In Greece around the same time the calendar had more holidays than workdays.

But even if we take the 70-hour week as a measure, we are not doing nearly as well as some statisticians suggest. Theoretically, our modern 40-hours-or-less work week, plus vacation time, gives us some 32 extra hours of leisure a week. How come we still can't get around to fixing that faucet? Let's look more carefully at those figures.

In the first place, if we limit our statistics to full-time workers, the true figure for the average working week leaps to 46½ hours. So our advantage over our ancestors, even including our vacation time, comes to only about 26 hours. Second, in 1850, almost everyone lived within walking distance of work. Today, two thirds of America commutes, taking an average of 45 minutes each way. This 7½ hours each week is rarely added to his working time by the typical wage earner. But it can hardly be considered free time — so now we find ourselves with only 18½ hours of leisure.

What happens to those 18½ hours? Utilizing a survey in which several thousand Americans kept an hour-by-hour diary of their daily lives, Professor de Grazia concludes that the average man spends 5 hours each week working around his house — mowing, putting up storm windows, painting, maybe even fixing that kitchen faucet. This brings our week's free time down to 13½ hours.

We aren't finished. The working wife has profoundly altered man-woman roles. The wife of the 70-hour-a-week man never dreamed (or dared) to ask him to run the vacuum or wash their grimy three-year-old. Today, surveys show, even in families where the wife does not work, the average male spends 2½ hours a week on household chores, exclusive of cooking. This diminishes our marvelous free time to 11 hours.

Well, you snort, 11 hours is a nice chunk of time. We are not doing so badly. But we must now consider some very important variations on our 46½-hour basic work week. First there is the executive, that man with the magical title on the door that everyone dreams of achieving. He works

In 1850 an American worked 70 hours

2 a.m. Monday

WORK ON THE JOB

44 hours

WHOSE HANDS?

an average 55-hour week. This puts him a mere half hour ahead of his 1850 great-grandfather. Then there are the moonlighters, the millions of Americans who hold down second jobs. One study of rubber workers in Akron found 16 to 20 per cent holding another full-time job, and 40 per cent working part-time. If we add the time it takes them to get to their second jobs, plus the hours they spend working at them, the full timers end up some 40 hours *behind* the benighted toilers of 1850 — and the part-timers about 20 hours behind.

Farmers and wives

Then we have farmers. Several university studies show them working an average 67½-hour week, in spite of all wonders mechanization has brought to sowing and reaping. Finally we have wives. If she works, a woman spends about the same amount of time getting to her job and working at it as her husband. To this we must add, at a minimum, four hours a day of housework. If we concede her the five hours a week the man spends on home upkeep, it still leaves Mrs. John Q. Toiler five hours behind the 1850 factory worker!

Even when a wife does not work, other computations put a large percentage of the nation's homemakers on a pressurized treadmill. A woman with two or three children under six, according to one expert, frequently works an 80-hour week. Nor do her vacuum, her washer and her dryer necessarily cut her work load. They simplify cleaning if we compare the same chore to great-grandmother's day. But today's housewife has standards of cleanliness that are a lot higher than those of 1850.

Then there are certain social conventions that eat into free time. The business lunch, for instance, consumes millions of man-hours each week that the statisticians count as free.

If we average all the exceptions — the moonlighters who are already ahead of that 1850 pace, the executive whose nose is pressed to an almost identical grindstone — we find ourselves with little more than four or five hours of genuinely free extra time each week. But there is another angle to modern leisure, one which further increases our sense of dislocation and pressure. This is that to a far greater degree than any other civilization in history, we are slaves to the clock.

Until the beginning of the industrial era, the vast proportion of mankind lived with the word "time" signifying little more than sunrise and sunset, and the changing of the seasons. Even in 1850, the 70-hour-a-week worker rarely toiled with the feeling that he was constantly under the thumb of time. But those beady-eyed men with stop watches, the time and motion experts, have changed that sensation. Today, every employee knows time is money. Thus there is an intensity, an urgency in our work which earlier generations avoided.

This constant sense of time as something to be pursued has seeped into the depths of our consciousness. It has made psychological time (experts call it your sense of duration) *accelerate*. In his great book, "Time and Western Man," D. B. Wyndham Lewis arrays a staggering number of examples from art, science, philosophy and literature to prove that our whole society has a bad case of "timeitis." In literature, for example, novel after novel deals with what Lewis calls "the foreshortening of the past" — so that each generation is almost incomprehensible to the one behind it. In pictures such as "Nude Descending a Staircase," we have even attempted to intrude time as a dimension into painting, which had heretofore aimed at creating a world which triumphed over time.

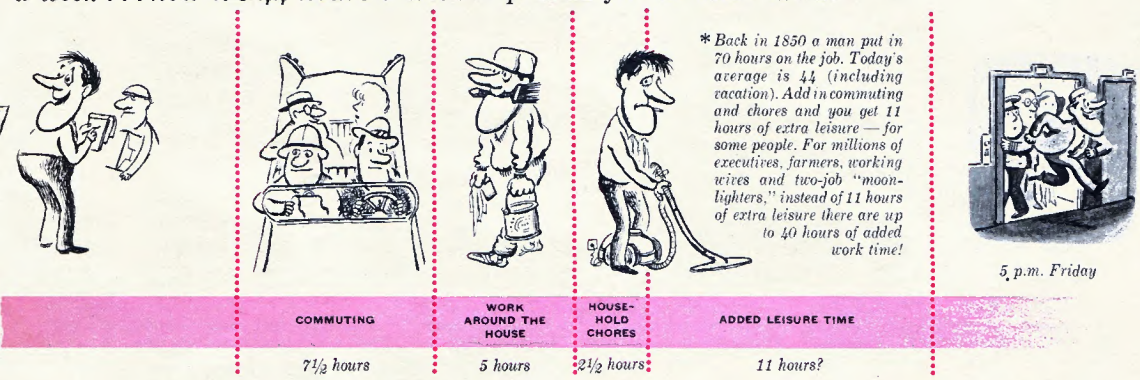
Many sensitive people are aware of this problem. The late Gene Fowler used to assert that "All timepieces, including the sun dial and the hourglass, are symbols of mankind's surrender of both body and soul." Not everyone can shrug off time so easily. Many people rebel against time, not with the gay elan of a Fowler, but with the deep unhappiness of a neurotic. These people are always late with assignments, cannot keep appointments, resent office schedules. Unconsciously they are literally trying to "kill" time — which has become for them a symbol of authority.

Don't waste it

A study of several hundred psychiatric patients with this problem found almost invariably that the trouble was a childhood conflict with a parent, who first made the person submit to time. Aggressive hostility to time ran like a theme through the lives of all the troubled cases.

Perhaps the answer to our weekend time problem is to be realistic about the amount of free time in which we can enjoy genuine leisure. Instead of wasting it staring at the TV screen, or washing the car, we should try to spend it in some activity which is truly satisfying. An hour or two of genuine leisure can do more for your nerves — and your soul — than a dozen go-go-go weekends. In a word, treasure the free time that comes your way. It is not something you can afford to waste. . . . Are you listening, dear? **(THE END)**

*a week . . . now it's 44 hours a week — plus X for all those extras**



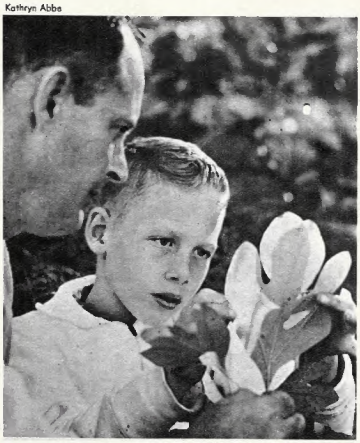
** Back in 1850 a man put in 70 hours on the job. Today's average is 44 (including vacation). Add in commuting and chores and you get 11 hours of extra leisure — for some people. For millions of executives, farmers, working wives and two-job "moonlighters," instead of 11 hours of extra leisure there are up to 40 hours of added work time!*

"WHAT CAN I DO *NOW* DADDY?"

Here are 101 answers (more or less) to the Number One summertime plea

BY ARLENE *and* HOWARD EISENBERG

Kathryn Abbe



Nature's lessons can make family outings fascinating

"Daddy, what can I doooo?"

Like popsicles, peeled noses and poison ivy, that complaint is most familiar in summer, when children by the tens of millions are released from school to descend upon unprepared parents everywhere.

To bolster preparations, we've assembled favorite weekend recreational activities — some new, most time- and family-tested — from parents, authorities, and children themselves.

The Good Old Ways: No parent who has ever been a child need be at a loss for even spur-of-the-moment weekend entertainment. Things like marbles, trading cards, jump ropes, tops and yo-yos form a bridge between children and adults that can be a nostalgic delight to cross.

Remember skelly — the sidewalk game played with checkers or bottlecaps? Mumblety-peg? Rope games like Double Dutch and Red Hot Pepper? Ring-a-levio, Kick the Can and Stoop Ball? Hit the Penny? And, of course, Potsy — maybe you called it Hopscotch. If the rules for any of these games escape you, either make up the rules as you go along, or refer to the recreation bookshelf of your local library. (The Dewey Decimal number is 790.)

Not "For Adults Only": Introducing children to adult activities can be equally beneficial and entertaining. Arrange a Saturday visit to Dad's or Mom's office, factory, or laboratory. Instead of taking the kids only to children's theaters, escalate their taste with tickets to good adult musicals. Take them to adult museums and art galleries. Just let them stroll with you through a collection of good art.

If your child likes challenge, introduce him to adult card games like bridge, hearts or gin rummy.

Muscle Makers: In Europe, entire families routinely bicycle together. A day-long hike hike, complete with picnic lunch, offers an adventure for any child. Youngsters we questioned registered strong votes, too, for bowling, horseback riding and ice-skating (why not take group lessons at a special family rate?), boating and skiing.

Mental Gymnastics: "Who Am I?", Picture Charades, Spelling Bees (from "rhythm" and "embarrass" for the older kids to "cat" for kid sister), Buzz, Coffeepot, Ghost or Hangman (somberly named but fun to play), Roundtable story-improvisation, and mental arithmetic are especially good because they can be played at any youngster's level, and anywhere — car, dinner table, beach. Boys love Battleship — a graph-paper game where you sink your opponent's navy.

On a long drive through France, our family had a great time with Parodied Proverbs, thinking up alternate endings, for example, for "People who live in glass houses. . . " (Among suggestions: "should move," "should draw the drapes," "should take out insurance.")

Family debates — the planned kind — are wonderful preparation for thinking on your feet in school and later life. Try one on comic books. For even more fun, have the parents "for" and children "against." Or, use a debate to air a "controversial" family problem — The Unimportance of Picking Up, or Let's Abolish Discipline. There's no healthier way to exchange ideas and opinions.

For widening horizons without leaving home, try a living-room cruise. You can gather books, records, travel folders, and plan a menu calculated to whisk everyone off to Italy, China, or Israel. (If a trip to foreign lands is in the offing, this is great preparation and might even include learning the language together.)

Even pre-schoolers can participate in experiments like "what floats?," extinguishing a candle flame by covering it with a jar, or listening to the loud tick of a watch through an empty paper-towel tube. For older children, you'll probably need to refer to one of many excellent books available — or encourage them to demonstrate at home the experiments they've been shown in school.

Going Places: A drive to a historic site that's always seemed too close to bother about. A weekend at a fishing or skiing area. A brief visit to an airport observation deck. An overnight camping trip. Weekend newspapers list events like antique or bobby shows, circuses and carnivals, ballets and bazaars. And excellent lists of things to do and places to go are generally available from county or city Recreation Departments.

Cook-outs and camping trips are old favorites. But with some slightly preplanned nature study, they can be even more exciting. Given a chance, children are fascinated by nature's beauties, and the research you do to make it interesting will probably whet your own appetite.

Rainy Weekends: Clay purchased in bulk and kept fresh in a plastic pail offers opportunities for Cellinis both young and old. Or, turn the kids loose on some scrap lumber and let them be Chief Architects (you supervise, but let them proudly paint their names on the walls) for a bird house or dog house. If you have a cellar or attic playroom with bare walls, you can brighten it with happy murals by putting young artists to work with crayons or paints and following up with a clear retaining varnish. And, if your family snapshots, like ours, have lain unlooked-at in a box since the honeymoon, a project the kids won't want to stop even if the sun comes out is captioning them and starting a Family Album.

Working Weekends: Projects like planting a vegetable garden, building a patio, cleaning a cellar can be as much fun for children as fun-and-games, and more rewarding. Try to make at least one activity a "seed" project that will bear fruit later. Thus, in cleaning the cellar, set aside play space, build game shelves and work-table areas, so that the cry, "What can I do, Mommy?" won't ring out quite so often in the future.

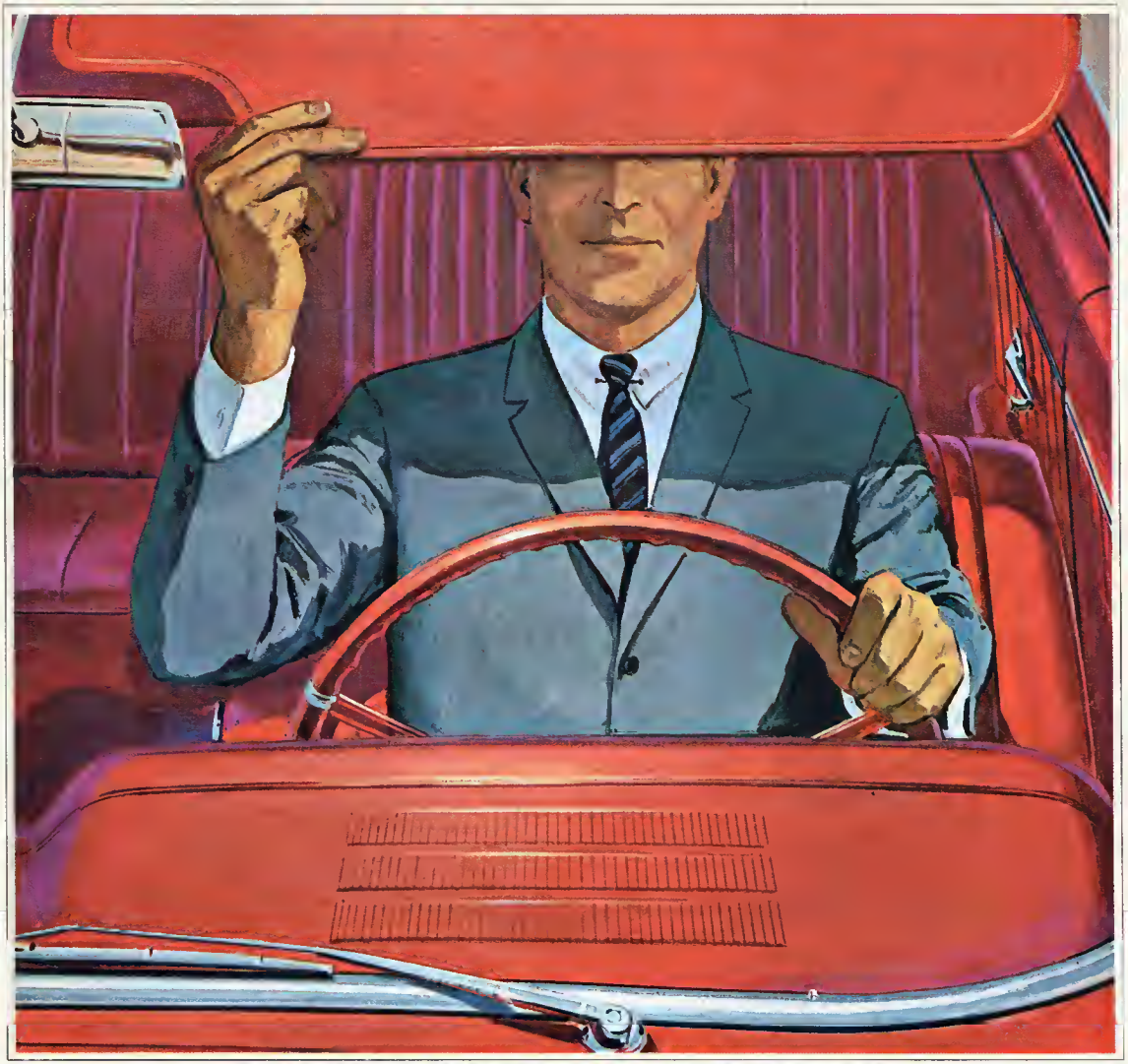
Some Things To Remember:

1. Don't force yourself to participate in activities you can't stand "for the sake of the kids."

2. Leave your youngsters — and even yourselves — some time for doing absolutely nothing.

3. Whether you are playing, traveling, working, don't neglect the most important, yet often forgotten, family activity — ordinary conversation.

And, next time your child hits you with "What can I dooo?", surprise him. Have an answer! **(THE END)**



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How America Eats BY CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

SUMMER HEROES

Make these big, tall tasty dessert drinks built for two

Sodas that swing are the "heroes." A hero sandwich is something. But the swell-elegant hero soda is superceding the sandwich. These are pyramids of pure wonder, dreamy and creamy, in a size built for two. A cinch to make and a thrill to share. Here are hero drinks to surprise the crowd, to keep the spirits high and the temperature down, when they gather at your house for a record hop.

Here are three drink desserts, each built for two, to win praise and amaze. Check around the house and see what you have for twosome containers — maybe flower vases, small pitchers, outsize brandy snifters, anything, but no two need be the same. Don't forget the long, long, sturdy straws.

HERO SUPER SODA

1 banana, sliced Vanilla ice cream
Canned crushed pineapple
Chocolate ice cream
Peach or strawberry ice cream
½ cup quick chocolate-flavored mix
½ cup milk
Carbonated water Whipped cream
2 maraschino cherries with stems

In a 16-ounce glass or vase, place half of the banana slices, 1 scoop vanilla ice cream, a spoonful of crushed pineapple and 1 scoop of chocolate ice cream. Add remaining banana slices and 1 scoop of peach or strawberry ice cream. Combine chocolate-flavored mix and milk. Pour into glass. Fill with carbonated water. Top with whipped cream and cherries. Serve with jumbo straws and spoons. Yield: 1 hero portion.

TALL COOL HANDSOME

2 tablespoons crushed fresh strawberries
1 cup chilled orange juice
¾ cup chilled pineapple juice
1 tablespoon lime juice Ice cubes
2 tablespoons orange sherbet (optional)

In a tall 16-ounce glass or vase, place crushed strawberries. Add orange juice and pineapple juice. Stir in lime juice and ice cubes. Garnish with mint sprig and orange sherbet, if desired. Yield: 1 hero portion.

HEAT LIGHTNING HERO

Vanilla ice cream
6 heaping teaspoons quick chocolate-flavored mix
Milk

In a 12-ounce glass, put scoop of vanilla ice cream. Sprinkle with 2 heaping teaspoons of the chocolate mix. Repeat with 2 more scoops of ice cream, topping each with 2 teaspoons of the chocolate mix. Add milk to fill glass. Yield: 1 hero portion. (THE END)

OUR WEEKEND PITFALLS

(FROM PAGE 5) the daily routine seem even more distasteful.

Whatever the causes, Captain William Miller, commanding officer of the Chicago Police Communications Center, reports that the heaviest number of family-argument calls come in toward 10 p.m. on Friday and Saturday nights.

Sometimes the husband's weekend plans are made for himself alone: golf, fishing. This can seriously upset his wife, because it seems to deny her a share in what we have come to overemphasize as previous weekend time.

"A wife should understand," says Richard O. Stock, executive director of the Family Service Association of Cleveland, "that it is not necessary that all experience be shared. It may be very healthy if dad plays golf while mother goes downtown. And building a boat into a bottle might even be fulfilling and satisfying to a man with a pressure job. A wife should understand this."

Too much is no fun

Often the common, kindly notion of making the weekend a big time for the children involves strain. "Parents cannot give up everything for children," says Stock. "People try to reach, on weekends, for all possible experiences, for themselves and their youngsters. We can get so involved about weekends that they are no longer pleasant, and we forget that the important weekend goal is to 'recharge one's batteries.' "

Stock believes families must learn to discuss these problems like any other, openly and frankly, to avoid having them become sources of friction. "It's the quality of what you do on a weekend that's important, not the quantity," he says.

Weekends can be beneficial. They do allow the sedentary to enjoy physical activity. That is not a benefit if one overdoes it — heart specialists favor moderate, regular, everyday exercise, not sudden, once-in-a-while outpourings of energy. Boston hospitals report a noticeably higher incidence of cardiac and "stroke" cases over weekends than during weekdays. Somewhere ahead lies the goal of moderate and constructive use of the great American weekend. Many of us have not found it yet.

"Relax on weekends!" snorted a Philadelphia professional man. "I can't do it. The most restful and relaxing time I have is on the commuting train, morning and night. It's the only time I can sit and not feel I should be doing something else." (THE END)

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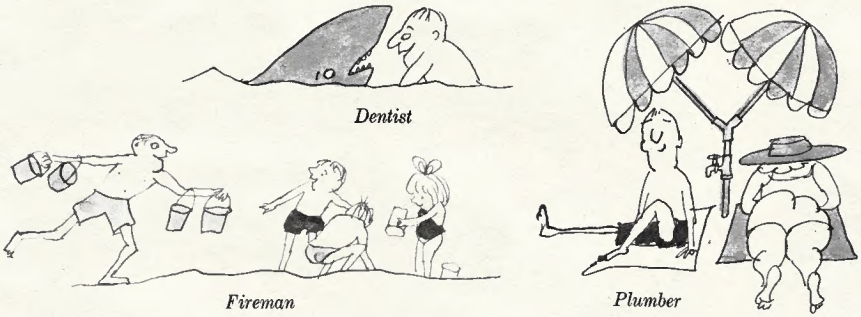
Last Laugh BY TOMI UNGERER

THEY CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT ALL!

You can tell what they do all week by how they act on the beach



Dentist

Fireman

Plumber

A TOUCH OF MISS MINT

(FROM PAGE 7) sailed with us before. But I do not see what — "

"Visitors use the other gangplank, further forward?"

"But yes. I do not — "

"Now I wish to ask you what is perhaps the most important question of all. On sailing, did you find one visitor's pass had not been surrendered?"

He stared at her intently, in reappraisal. "You are quite right. We thought someone might attempt to hide aboard. We conducted a thorough search, in a quiet way. But how could you know that?"

"Mr. Metucci, I have seen Mr. Corto wearing two sports shirts which are not only too small for him, but are of a more sedate pattern than I imagine he would buy — or any woman would give him."

Mr. Metucci wiped a hand slowly across his eyes. "Miss Mint, if you could possibly be more careful to stay on one subject at a time, perhaps I could — "

"Mr. Metucci. I am an observant woman. I seek reasons for everything." She paused. "Once I have eliminated all probable explanations, I am then willing to accept the improbable. The Cortos eat like wolves and do not get seasick, yet they missed dinner on the first night out."

"*Please,* Miss Mint!"

"If you would stop interrupting! I believe Mrs. Corto talked a lonely and vulnerable man into buying cruise tickets for the two of them under the supposedly assumed name of Martin Corto. Then Mr. Corto came aboard as a visitor, probably at a crowded moment. Mrs. Corto gave the lonely man a reason why they should not board together, possibly a jealous friend she was trying to avoid. They met in their cabin. Possibly she drugged a drink. Then the real Mr. Corto joined her. They locked the door. In the small hours of the morning, perhaps, they hurled the lonely man overboard. They missed dinner because they could not leave him there alone. Now Corto, both cheap and ignorant, wears the dead man's shirts."

Mr. Metucci hit himself in the forehead with his fist. "I beg you — "

"Mr. Metucci! Have you had police inquiries regarding men in their middle years who were reputed to have sailed with you, yet there was no trace of them in your records or your memory?"

The purser seemed to listen to distant sounds. His lips made a whistle-shape. "It has happened," he said.

"And the Cortos were on those cruises."

"Perhaps."

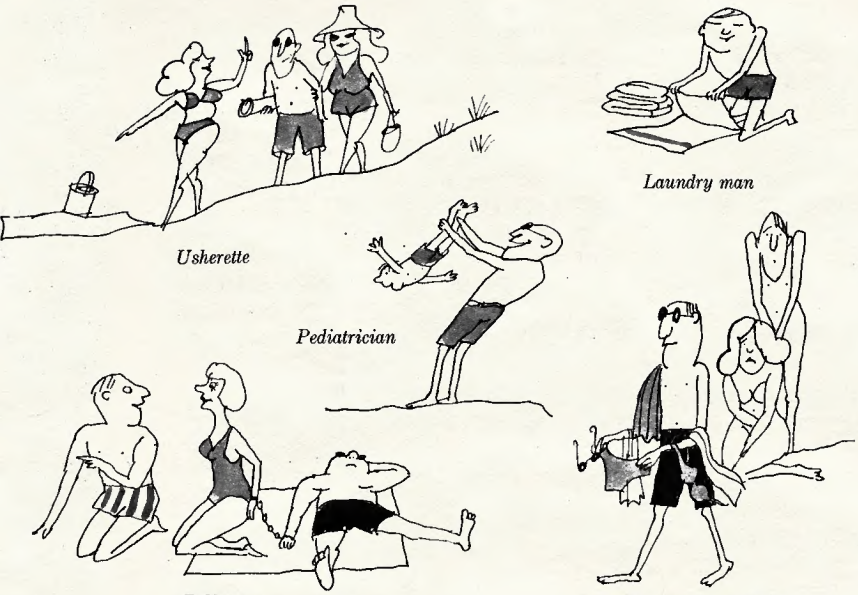
She gave him that smile which had turned very lazy young ladies into straight-A scholars. "I believe your captain will invite the Cortos to the bridge while you and I see if their cabin contains anything . . . equivalently implausible."

The stocky Captain of the *Margaretta,* in tropic whites, stood on the shoreward wing of his bridge with the curious Miss Mint and in silence watched the Cortos being handled by proper authorities into a vehicle bound for the airport. The Captain sighed. "True villainy presupposes the imagination to comprehend the horror of the act. Those two are mindless urchins."

"My dear Captain, the worst villainy comes from childish callousness."

He smiled at her. "It could be argued at length, perhaps over wine. Please humor me. I so seldom find a passenger who can converse."

"My pleasure," said Miss Mint, with a rabbity smile, adjusting the tilt of her baseball hat. **(THE END)**



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